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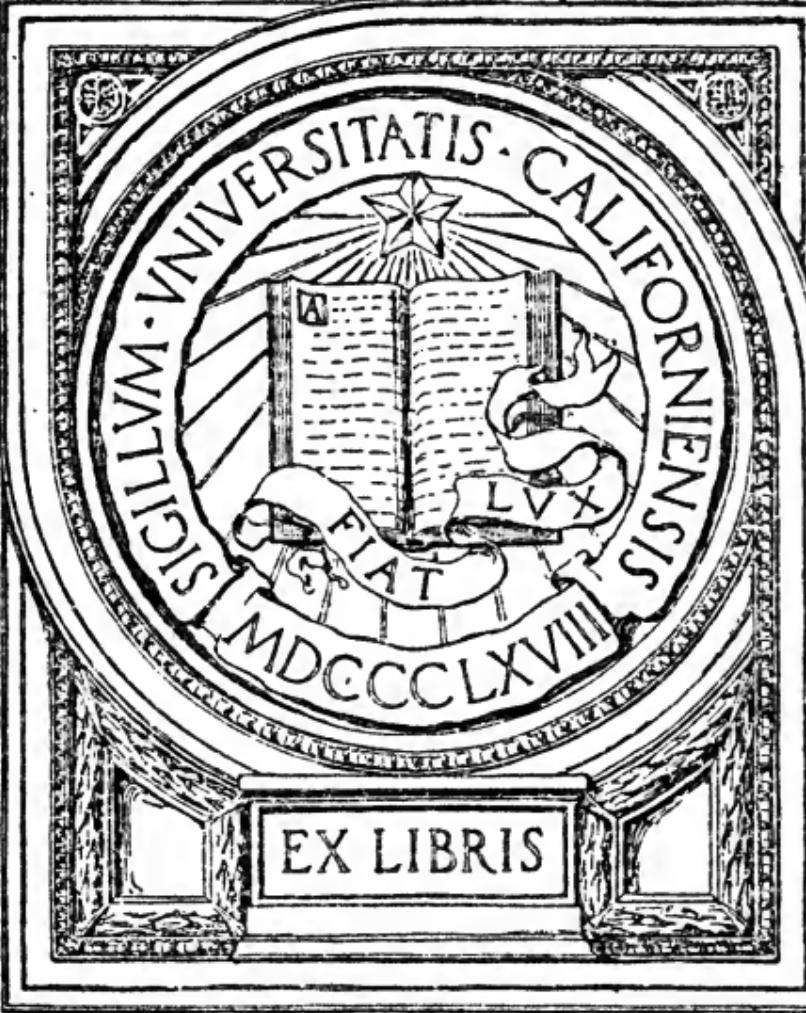
# COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

IN MEMORIAM

John Swett

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Alkemaster Union  
High School.

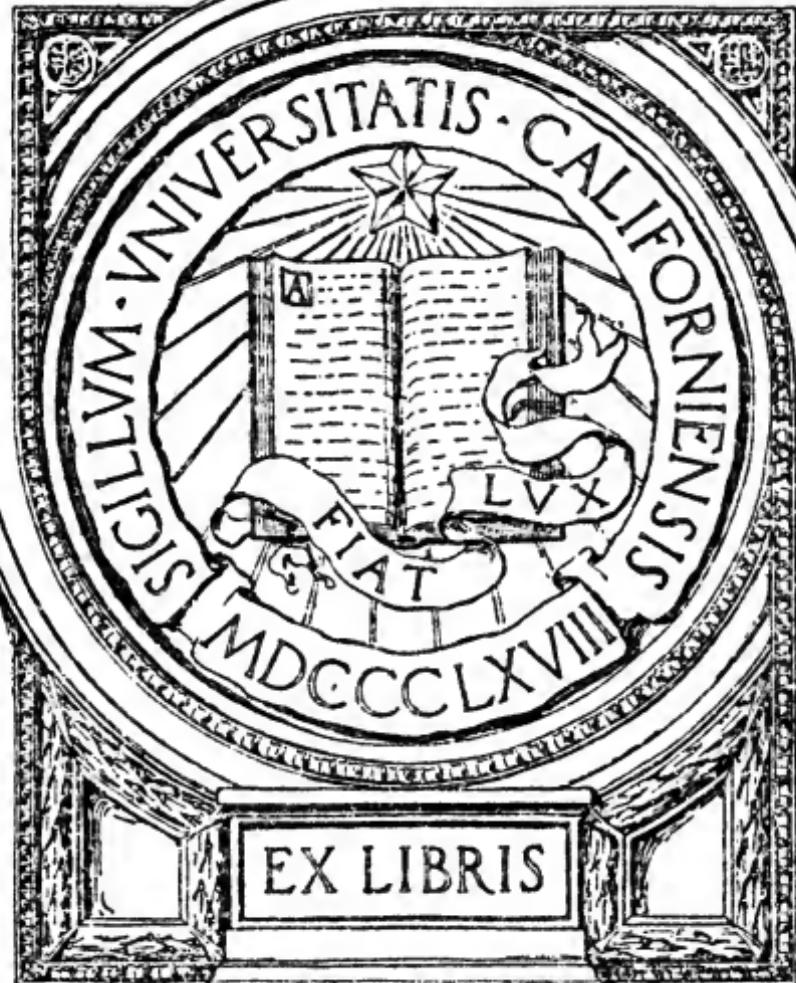
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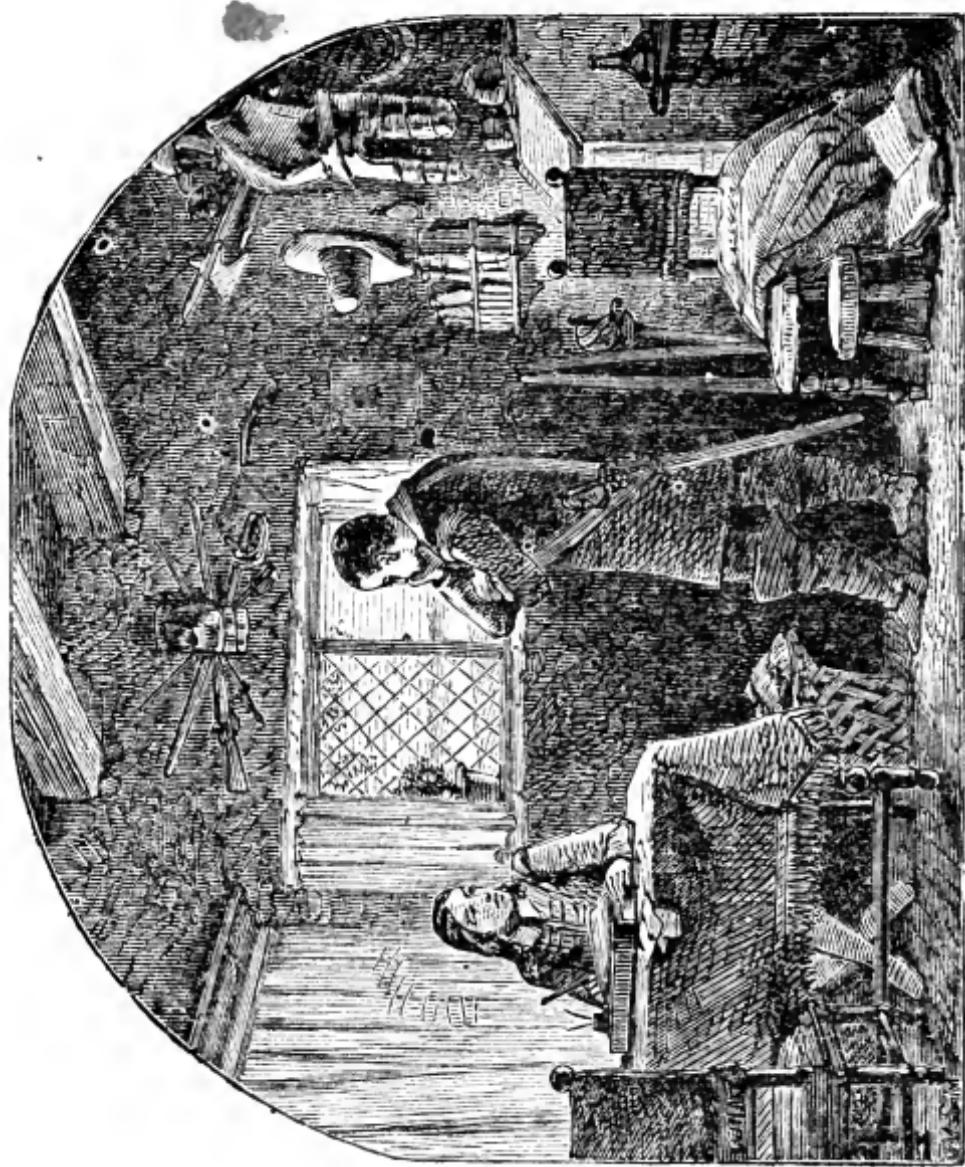
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Oklahoma Union  
High School.

Presented by  
John Dean



THE  
*Courtship of Miles*  
*Standish.*

BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Illustrated.



BOSTON:  
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,  
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1876.

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**HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.**

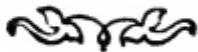
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# THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

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## I.

### MILES STANDISH.

**M**N the Old Colony days, in Plymouth  
the land of the Pilgrims,  
To and fro in a room of his simple  
and primitive dwelling,  
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordo-  
van leather,  
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the  
Puritan Captain.  
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands  
behind him, and pausing  
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons  
of warfare,  
Hanging in shining array along the walls of  
the chamber,—

Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty  
sword of Damascus,  
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mys-  
tical Arabic sentence,  
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-  
piece, musket, and matchlock.  
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and  
athletic,  
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with  
muscles and sinews of iron;  
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet  
beard was already  
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges some-  
times in November.  
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend,  
and household companion,  
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine  
by the window;  
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon  
complexion,  
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty  
thereof, as the captives  
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed,  
“Not Angles, but Angels.”  
Youngest of all was he of the men who came  
in the May Flower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent  
scribe interrupting,

Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish  
the Captain of Plymouth.

“Look at these arms,” he said, “the warlike  
weapons that hang here

Burnished and bright and clean, as if for pa-  
rade or inspection!

This is the sword of Damascus I fought with  
in Flanders ; this breastplate,

Well I remember the day ! once saved my life  
in a skirmish ;

Here in front you can see the very dint of the  
bullet

Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish  
arcabucero.

Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten  
bones of Miles Standish

Would at this moment be mould, in their grave  
in the Flemish morasses.”

Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked  
not up from his writing :

“Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened  
the speed of the bullet ;

He in his mercy preserved you, to be our  
shield and our weapon !”

Still the Captain continued, unheeding the  
words of the stripling :

“See, how bright they are burnished, as if in  
an arsenal hanging ;

## 10 THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.

Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage ;

So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.

Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,

Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock,

Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,

And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers ! ”

This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams

Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.

Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued :

“ Look ! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted

High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,

Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,

Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.

Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of  
the Indians;  
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner  
they try it the better,—  
Let them come if they like, be it sagamore,  
sachem, or pow-wow,  
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or To-  
kamahamon!"

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully  
gazed on the landscape,  
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory  
breath of the east-wind,  
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue  
rim of the ocean,  
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows  
and sunshine.  
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like  
those on the landscape,  
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice  
was subdued with emotion,  
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he  
proceeded:  
“ Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies  
buried Rose Standish;  
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by  
the wayside!  
She was the first to die of all who came in the  
May Flower!

Green above her is growing the field of wheat  
we have sown there.

Better to hide from the Indian scouts the  
graves of our people,

Lest they should count them and see how many  
already have perished!"

Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and  
down, and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of  
books, and among them

Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk  
and for binding;

Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commenta-  
ries of Cæsar

Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge  
of London,

And, as if guarded by these, between them was  
standing the Bible.

Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish  
paused, as if doubtful

Which of the three he should choose for his  
consolation and comfort,

Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous  
campaigns of the Romans,

Or the Artillery practice, designed for belliger-  
ent Christians.

Finally down from its shelf he dragged the  
ponderous Roman,

Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence  
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin,  
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.  
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,  
Busily writing epistles important, to go by the May Flower,  
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing !  
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,  
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,  
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla !

## II.

## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

NOTHING was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,  
Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,  
Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.

After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with  
his hand, palm downwards,

Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was  
this Cæsar!"

You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here  
is a fellow

Who could both write and fight, and in both  
was equally skilful!"

Straightway answered and spake John Alden,  
the comely, the youthful:

"Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with  
his pen and his weapons.

Somewhere have I read, but where I forget,  
he could dictate

Seven letters at once, at the same time writing  
his memoirs."

"Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding  
or hearing the other, —

"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius  
Cæsar!

Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,  
Than be second in Rome, and I think he was  
right when he said it.

Twice was he married before he was twenty,  
and many times after;

Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand  
cities he conquered;

He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has  
recorded;

Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!

Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,

When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,

And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together

There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,

Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,

Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;

Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;

So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.

That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,

You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading.

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling

Writing epistles important to go next day by the May Flower,

## 16 THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Filled with the name and the fame of the  
Puritan maiden Priscilla ;  
Every sentence began or closed with the  
name of Priscilla,  
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided  
the secret,  
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the  
name of Priscilla !  
Finally closing his book, with a bang of the  
ponderous cover,  
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier  
grounding his musket,  
Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish  
the Captain of Plymouth :  
“ When you have finished your work, I have  
something important to tell you.  
Be not however in haste ; I can wait ; I shall  
not be impatient ! ”  
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last  
of his letters,  
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respect-  
ful attention :  
“ Speak ; for whenever you speak, I am always  
ready to listen,  
Always ready to hear whatever pertains to  
Miles Standish.”  
Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed,  
and culling his phrases :

"'T is not good for a man to be alone, say the  
Scriptures.

This I have said before, and again and again I  
repeat it;

Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it,  
and say it.

Since Rose Standish died, my life has been  
weary and dreary,

Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing  
of friendship.

Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the  
maiden Priscilla.

She is alone in the world; her father and  
mother and brother

Died in the winter together; I saw her going  
and coming,

Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the  
bed of the dying,

Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to  
myself, that if ever

There were angels on earth, as there are angels  
in heaven,

Two have I seen and known; and the angel  
whose name is Priscilla

Holds in my desolate life the place which the  
other abandoned.

Long have I cherished the thought, but never  
have dared to reveal it,

Being a coward in this, though valiant enough  
for the most part.

Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden  
of Plymouth,

Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of  
words but of actions,

Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and  
heart of a soldier.

Not in these words, you know, but this in short  
is my meaning;

I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.

You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in  
elegant language,

Such as you read in your books of the pleadings  
and wooings of lovers,

Such as you think best adapted to win the heart  
of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-  
haired, taciturn stripling,

All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed,  
bewildered,

Trying to mask his dismay by treating the sub-  
ject with lightness,

Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand  
still in his bosom,

Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is  
stricken by lightning,

Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered :

"Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it ;

If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating your maxim,—

You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,

Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth :

"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it ;

But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.

Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.

I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,

But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.

I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,

But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,

That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it !

So you must grant my request, for you are an  
elegant scholar,  
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the  
turning of phrases."

Taking the hand of his friend, who still was  
reluctant and doubtful,  
Holding it long in his own, and pressing it  
kindly, he added :

" Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep  
is the feeling that prompts me ;  
Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the  
name of our friendship ! "

Then made answer John Alden : " The name  
of friendship is sacred ;

What you demand in that name, I have not the  
power to deny you ! "

So the strong will prevailed, subduing and  
moulding the gentler,

Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went  
on his errand.

### III.

#### THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on  
his errand,  
Out of the street of the village, and into the  
paths of the forest,



M. & N.



Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and  
robins were building  
Towns in the populous trees, with hanging  
gardens of verdure,  
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and  
freedom.  
All around him was calm, but within him com-  
motion and conflict,  
Love contending with friendship, and self with  
each generous impulse.  
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were  
heaving and dashing,  
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the  
vessel,  
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of  
the ocean !  
“ Must I relinquish it all,” he cried with a wild  
lamentation,—  
“ Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the  
illusion ?  
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and  
worshipped in silence ?  
Was it for this I have followed the flying feet  
and the shadow  
Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of  
New England ?  
Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths  
of corruption

Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms  
of passion ;

Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions  
of Satan.

All is clear to me now ; I feel it, I see it distinctly !

This is the hand of the Lord ; it is laid upon  
me in anger,

For I have followed too much the heart's de-  
sires and devices,

Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious  
idols of Baal.

This is the cross I must bear ; the sin and the  
swift retribution.”

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden  
went on his errand ;

Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled  
over pebble and shallow,

Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers  
blooming around him,

Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and  
wonderful sweetness,

Children lost in the woods, and covered with  
leaves in their slumber.

“ Puritan flowers,” he said, “ and the type of  
Puritan maidens,

Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of  
Priscilla !

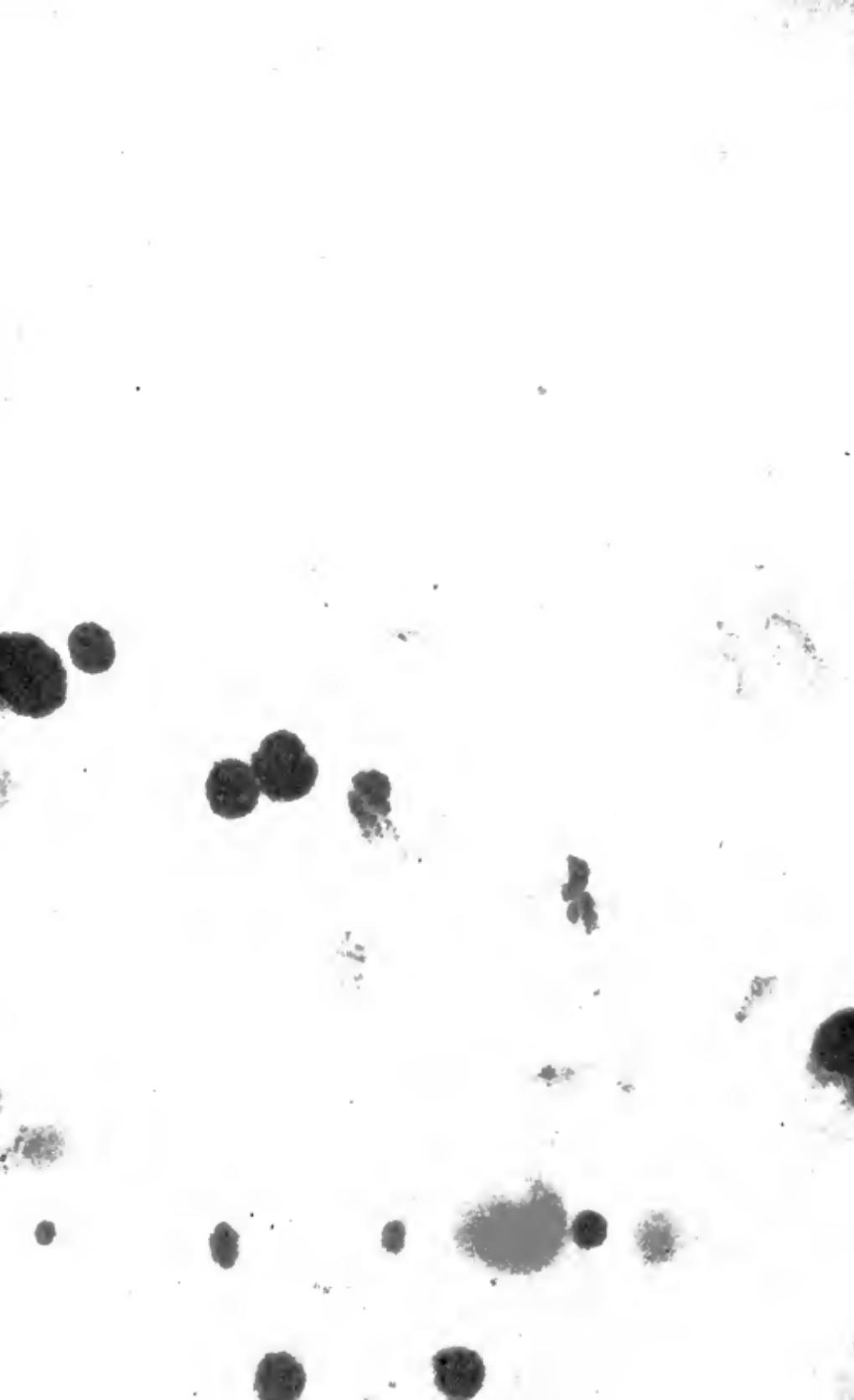
So I will take them to her ; to Priscilla, the  
May-flower of Plymouth,  
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift  
will I take them ;  
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade  
and wither and perish,  
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the  
giver."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden  
went on his errand ;  
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of  
the ocean,  
Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless  
breath of the east-wind ;  
Saw the new-built house, and people at work  
in a meadow ;  
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical  
voice of Priscilla  
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old  
Puritan anthem,  
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of  
the Psalmist,  
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and  
comforting many.  
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the  
form of the maiden  
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool  
like a snow-drift

## 26 THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the  
ravenous spindle,  
While with her foot on the treadle she guided  
the wheel in its motion.  
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-  
book of Ainsworth,  
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music  
together,  
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the  
wall of a churchyard,  
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of  
the verses.  
Such was the book from whose pages she sang  
the old Puritan anthem,  
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the  
forest,  
Making the humble house and the modest ap-  
parel of homespun  
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the  
wealth of her being !  
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and  
cold and relentless,  
Thoughts of what might have been, and the  
weight and woe of his errand ;  
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes  
that had vanished,  
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless  
mansion,



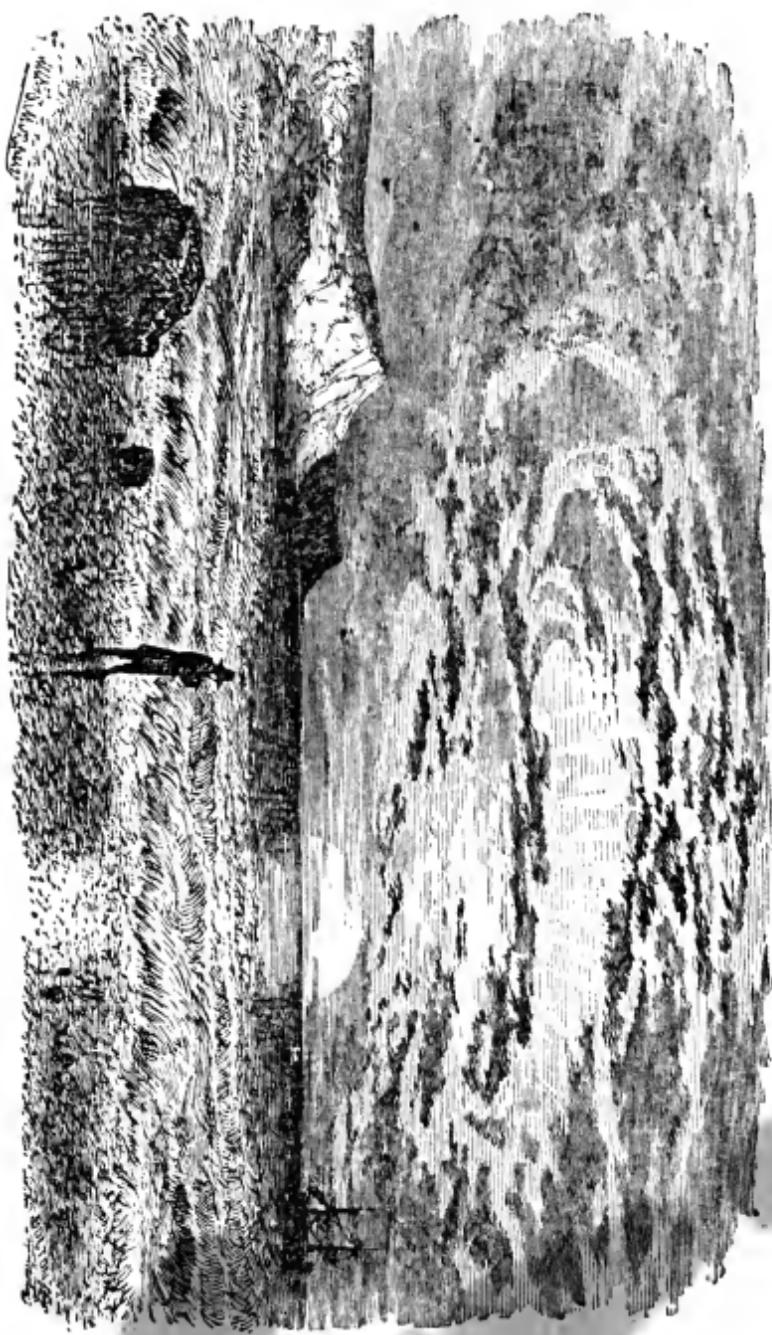


Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottos and  
gardens of ocean !  
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning fore-  
head, and wrap me  
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever  
within me ! ”

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was  
moaning and tossing,  
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands  
of the sea-shore.  
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult  
of passions contending ;  
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship  
wounded and bleeding, —  
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate  
pleadings of duty !  
“ Is it my fault,” he said, “ that the maiden has  
chosen between us ?  
Is it my fault that he failed, — my fault that I  
am the victor ? ”  
Then within him there thundered a voice, like  
the voice of the Prophet :  
“ It hath displeased the Lord ! ” — and he  
thought of David’s transgression,  
Bathsheba’s beautiful face, and his friend in the  
front of the battle !

Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement  
and self-condemnation,  
Overwhelmed him at once ; and he cried in the  
deepest contrition :  
“ It hath displeased the Lord ! It is the temp-  
tation of Satan ! ”

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea,  
and beheld there  
Dimly the shadowy form of the May Flower  
riding at anchor,  
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on  
the morrow ;  
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the  
rattle of cordage  
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate,  
and the sailors’ “ Ay, ay, Sir ! ”  
Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the drip-  
ping air of the twilight.  
Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and  
stared at the vessel,  
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a  
phantom,  
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the  
beckoning shadow.  
“ Yes, it is plain to me now,” he murmured ;  
“ the hand of the Lord is  
Leading me out of the land of darkness, the  
bondage of error,





Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of  
its waters around me,  
Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel  
thoughts that pursue me.

Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land  
will abandon,

Her whom I may not love, and him whom my  
heart has offended.

Better to be in my grave in the green old  
churchyard in England,

Close by my mother's side, and among the  
dust of my kindred ;

Better be dead and forgotten, than living in  
shame and dishonor !

( Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the  
narrow chamber

With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel  
that glimmers

Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers  
of silence and darkness, —

Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal  
hereafter ! ”

Thus as he spake he turned, in the strength  
of his strong resolution,  
Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried  
along in the twilight,  
Through the congenial gloom of the forest  
silent and sombre,

Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of  
Plymouth,

Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist  
of the evening.

Soon he entered his door, and found the re-  
doubtable Captain

Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages  
of Cæsar,

Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or  
Brabant or Flanders.

“Long have you been on your errand,” he said  
with a cheery demeanor,

Even as one who is waiting an answer, and  
fears not the issue.

“Not far off is the house, although the woods  
are between us;

But you have lingered so long, that while you  
were going and coming

I have fought ten battles and sacked and de-  
molished a city.

Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all  
that has happened.”

Then John Alden spake, and related the  
wondrous adventure,

From beginning to end, minutely, just as it  
happened;

How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped  
in his courtship,

Only smoothing a little, and softening down  
her refusal.

But when he came at length to the words  
Priscilla had spoken,

Words so tender and cruel: "Why don't you  
speak for yourself, John?"

Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped  
on the floor, till his armor

Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a  
sound of sinister omen.

All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden  
explosion,

E'en as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruc-  
tion around it.

Wildly he shouted and loud: "John Alden!  
you have betrayed me!"

Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have sup-  
planted, defrauded, betrayed me!

One of my ancestors ran his sword through the  
heart of Wat Tyler;

Who shall prevent me from running my own  
through the heart of a traitor?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a  
treason to friendship!

You, who lived under my roof, whom I cher-  
ished and loved as a brother;

You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at  
my cup, to whose keeping

I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the  
most sacred and secret,—  
You too, Brutus! ah woe to the name of  
friendship hereafter!  
Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine,  
but henceforward  
Let there be nothing between us save war, and  
implacable hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode  
about in the chamber,  
Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were  
the veins on his temples.  
But in the midst of his anger a man appeared  
at the doorway,  
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent  
importance,  
Rumors of danger and war and hostile incur-  
sions of Indians!  
Straightway the Captain paused, and, without  
further question or parley,  
Took from the nail on the wall his sword with  
its scabbard of iron,  
Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning  
fiercely, departed.  
Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of  
the scabbard  
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in  
the distance.

Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted

There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?

Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage

Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!"

Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,

Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language:

"Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles;

Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!"

But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,

Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing:

"Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.

War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous,

Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!"

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,

Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with  
powder and bullets  
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the  
savage,  
Saying, in thundering tones : “ Here, take it !  
this is your answer ! ”  
Silently out of the room then glided the glis-  
tening savage,  
Bearing the serpent’s skin, and seeming him-  
self like a serpent,  
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the  
depths of the forest.

## V.

## THE SAILING OF THE MAY FLOWER.

JUST in the gray of the dawn, as the mists up-  
rose from the meadows,  
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering  
village of Plymouth ;  
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order  
imperative, “ Forward ! ”  
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and  
then silence.  
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of  
the village.  
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his  
valorous army,

Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend  
of the white men,

Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt  
of the savage.

Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty  
men of King David;

Giants in heart they were, who believed in God  
and the Bible, —

Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites  
and Philistines.

Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners  
of morning;

Under them loud on the sands, the serried bil-  
lows, advancing,

Fired along the line, and in regular order re-  
treated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at  
length the village of Plymouth

Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its  
manifold labors.

Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the  
smoke from the chimneys

Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily  
eastward;

Men came forth from the doors, and paused  
and talked of the weather,

Said that the wind had changed, and was blow-  
ing fair for the May Flower;

Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the  
dangers that menaced,  
He being gone, the town, and what should be  
done in his absence.  
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices  
of women  
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of  
the household.  
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows  
rejoiced at his coming;  
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of  
the mountains;  
Beautiful on the sails of the May Flower riding  
at anchor,  
Battered and blackened and worn by all the  
storms of the winter.  
Loosely against her masts was hanging and  
flapping her canvas,  
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the  
hands of the sailors.  
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over  
the ocean,  
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward;  
anon rang  
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar,  
and the echoes  
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun  
of departure!

Ah ! but with louder echoes replied the hearts  
of the people !

Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was  
read from the Bible,

Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in  
fervent entreaty !

Then from their houses in haste came forth the  
Pilgrims of Plymouth,

Men and women and children, all hurrying  
down to the sea-shore,

Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the  
May Flower,

Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving  
them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night  
he had lain without slumber,  
Turning and tossing about in the heat and un-  
rest of his fever.

He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back  
late from the council,

Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter  
and murmur,

Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes  
it sounded like swearing.

Once he had come to the bed, and stood there  
a moment in silence ;

Then he turned away, and said : "I will not  
awake him ;

Let him sleep on, it is best ; for what is the  
use of more talking ! ”

Then he extinguished the light, and threw him-  
self down on his pallet,

Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the  
break of the morning, —

Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in  
his campaigns in Flanders, —

Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready  
for action.

But with the dawn he arose ; in the twilight  
Alden beheld him

Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of  
his armor,

Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Da-  
mascus,

Take from the corner his musket, and so stride  
out of the chamber.

Often the heart of the youth had burned and  
yearned to embrace him,

Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring  
for pardon ;

All the old friendship came back, with its ten-  
der and grateful emotions ;

But his pride overmastered the nobler nature  
within him, —

Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the  
burning fire of the insult.

So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but  
spake not,  
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death,  
and he spake not !  
Then he arose from his bed, and heard what  
the people were saying,  
Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen  
and Richard and Gilbert,  
Joined in the morning prayer, and in the read-  
ing of Scripture,  
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying  
down to the sea-shore,  
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to  
their feet as a doorstep  
Into a world unknown,— the corner-stone of  
a nation !

There with his boat was the Master, already  
a little impatient  
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might  
shift to the eastward,  
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor  
of ocean about him,  
Speaking with this one and that, and cram-  
ming letters and parcels  
Into his pockets capacious, and messages min-  
gled together  
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was  
wholly bewildered.

## 54 THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot  
placed on the gunwale,  
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times  
with the sailors,  
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager  
for starting.

He too was eager to go, and thus put an end  
to his anguish,

Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than  
keel is or canvas,

Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that  
would rise and pursue him.

But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the  
form of Priscilla

Standing dejected among them, unconscious of  
all that was passing.

Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined  
his intention,

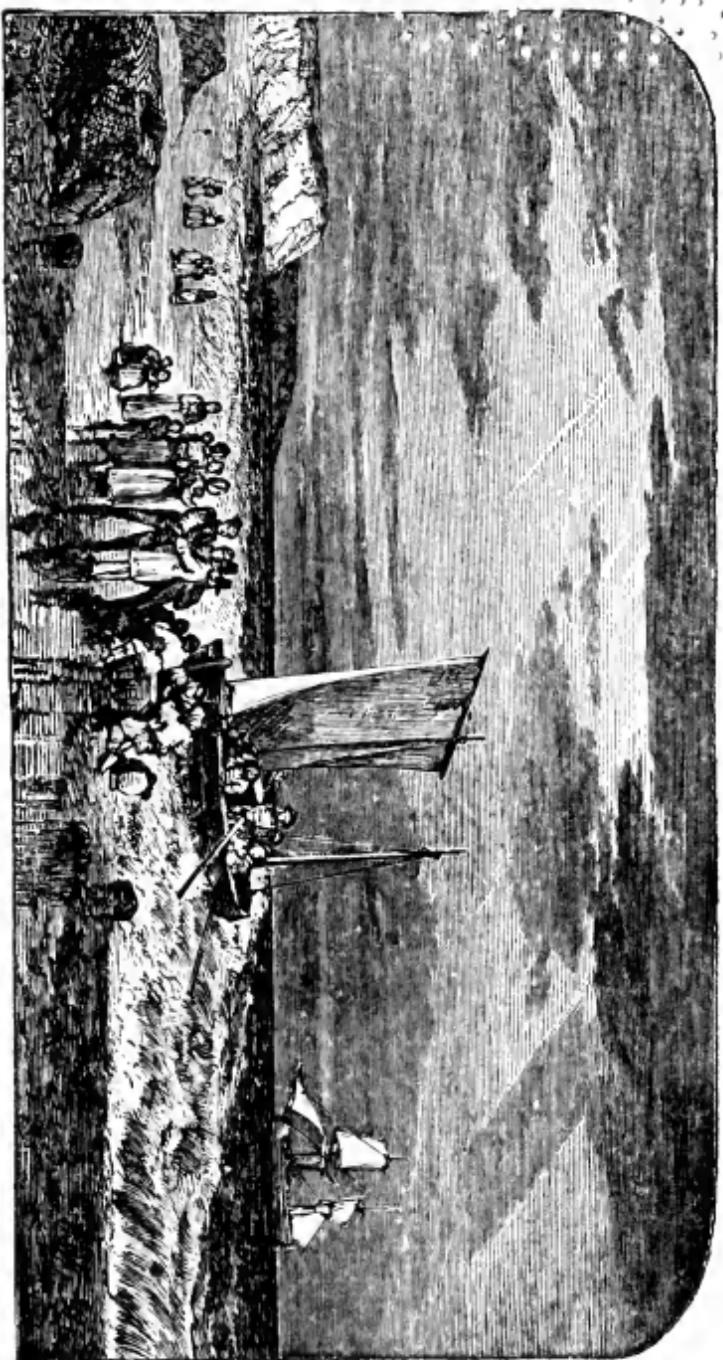
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, im-  
ploring, and patient,

That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled  
from its purpose,

As from the verge of a crag, where one step  
more is destruction.

Strange is the heart of man, with its quick,  
mysterious instincts !

Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated  
are moments,





Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the  
wall adamantine !

“Here I remain !” he exclaimed, as he looked  
at the heavens above him,

Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered  
the mist and the madness,

Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was stag-  
gering headlong.

“Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the  
ether above me,

Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckon-  
ing over the ocean.

There is another hand, that is not so spectral  
and ghost-like,

Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping  
mine for protection.

Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the  
ether !

Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and  
daunt me ; I heed not

Either your warning or menace, or any omen  
of evil !

There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and  
so wholesome,

As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is  
pressed by her footsteps.

Here for her sake will I stay, and like an  
invisible presence

Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness ;  
Yes ! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,  
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving ! ”

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important, Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather, Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded around him Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance. Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller, Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel, Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry, Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow, Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel ! Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims. O strong hearts and true ! not one went back in the May Flower !

No, not one looked back, who had set his hand  
to this ploughing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and  
songs of the sailors  
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the  
ponderous anchor.  
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set  
to the west-wind,  
Blowing steady and strong; and the May  
Flower sailed from the harbor,  
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving  
far to the southward  
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the  
First Encounter,  
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for  
the open Atlantic,  
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling  
hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding  
sail of the vessel,  
Much endeared to them all, as something living  
and human;  
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in  
a vision prophetic,  
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of  
Plymouth

Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and  
thanked the Lord and took courage.  
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of  
the rock, and above them  
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of  
death, and their kindred  
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join  
in the prayer that they uttered.  
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge  
of the ocean  
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab  
in a graveyard;  
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escap-  
ing.  
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the  
form of an Indian,  
Watching them from the hill; but while they  
spake with each other,  
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying,  
"Look!" he had vanished.  
So they returned to their homes; but Alden  
lingered a little,  
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the  
wash of the billows  
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle  
and flash of the sunshine,  
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the  
waters.

## VI.

## PRISCILLA.

THUS for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,  
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla ;  
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,  
Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature,  
Lo ! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

“Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me ?” said she.  
“Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading  
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,  
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum ?  
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying  
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it ;  
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,

That if by chance it be shaken, or into its  
depths like a pebble  
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and  
its secret,  
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be  
gathered together.

Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you  
speak of Miles Standish,  
Praising his virtues, transforming his very  
defects into virtues,  
Praising his courage and strength, and even  
his fighting in Flanders,  
As if by fighting alone you could win the heart  
of a woman,  
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in  
exalting your hero.  
Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible  
impulse.

You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of  
the friendship between us,  
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily  
broken!"

Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar,  
the friend of Miles Standish :  
"I was not angry with you, with myself alone  
I was angry,  
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had  
in my keeping."





"No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer  
prompt and decisive,—

"No; you were angry with me, for speaking  
so frankly and freely.

It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate  
of a woman

Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a  
ghost that is speechless,

Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell  
of its silence.

Hence is the inner life of so many suffering  
women

Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean  
rivers

Running through caverns of darkness, unheard,  
unseen, and unfruitful,

Chafing their channels of stone, with endless  
and profitless murmurs."

Thereupon answered John Alden, the young  
man, the lover of women:

"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they  
seem to me always

More like the beautiful rivers that watered the  
garden of Eden,

More like the river Euphrates, through deserts  
of Havilah flowing,

Filling the land with delight, and memories  
sweet of the garden!"

## 66 THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

"Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted the maiden,

"How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.

When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,

Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,

Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest,

Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.

This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you;

For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,

Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.

Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly

If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,

If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases

Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,

But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting."

Mute and amazed was Alden ; and listened  
and looked at Priscilla,

Thinking he never had seen her more fair,  
more divine in her beauty.

He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the  
cause of another,

Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seek-  
ing in vain for an answer.

So the maiden went on, and little divined or  
imagined

What was at work in his heart, that made him  
so awkward and speechless.

“ Let us, then, be what we are, and speak  
what we think, and in all things

Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred  
professions of friendship.

It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to  
declare it :

I have liked to be with you, to see you, to  
speak with you always.

So I was hurt at your words, and a little  
affronted to hear you

Urge me to marry your friend, though he were  
the Captain Miles Standish.

For I must tell you the truth : much more to  
me is your friendship

Than all the love he could give, were he twice  
the hero you think him.”

Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who  
eagerly grasped it,  
Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were  
aching and bleeding so sorely,  
Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said,  
with a voice full of feeling :  
“ Yes, we must ever be friends ; and of all who  
offer you friendship  
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the near-  
est and dearest ! ”

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering  
sail of the May Flower,  
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below  
the horizon,  
Homeward together they walked, with a  
strange, indefinite feeling,  
That all the rest had departed and left them  
alone in the desert.  
But, as they went through the fields in the  
blessing and smile of the sunshine,  
Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said  
very archly :  
“ Now that our terrible Captain has gone in  
pursuit of the Indians,  
Where he is happier far than he would be com-  
manding a household,  
You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that  
happened between you,

When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me.”

Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story, —

Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.

Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,

“He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment !”

But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how he had suffered, —

How he had even determined to sail that day in the May Flower,

And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened, —

All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,

“Truly I thank you for this: how good you have been to me always !”

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,

Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,

Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition;

Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,

Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy  
Land of his longings,  
Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by  
remorseful misgivings.

## VII.

## THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

MEANWHILE the stalwart Miles Standish  
was marching steadily northward,  
Winding through forest and swamp, and along  
the trend of the sea-shore,  
All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his  
anger  
Burning and crackling within, and the sul-  
phurous odor of powder  
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all  
the scents of the forest.  
Silent and moody he went, and much he re-  
volved his discomfort;  
He who was used to success, and to easy vic-  
tories always,  
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to  
scorn by a maiden,  
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend  
whom most he had trusted!  
Ah! 't was too much to be borne, and he  
fretted and chafed in his armor!

"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for  
mine was the folly.

What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and  
gray in the harness,  
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the  
wooing of maidens?

'T was but a dream, — let it pass, — let it  
vanish like so many others!

What I thought was a flower is only a weed,  
and is worthless;

Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it  
away, and henceforward

Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer  
of dangers!"

Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat  
and discomfort,

While he was marching by day or lying at  
night in the forest,

Looking up at the trees, and the constellations  
beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an  
Indian encampment

Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the  
sea and the forest;

Women at work by the tents, and the warriors,  
horrid with war-paint,

Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking  
together;

Who, when they saw from afar the sudden  
approach of the white men,  
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and  
sabre and musket,  
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from  
among them advancing,  
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him  
furs as a present ;  
Friendship was in their looks, but in their  
hearts there was hatred.  
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers  
gigantic in stature.  
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Oг,  
king of Bashan ;  
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was  
called Wattawamat.  
Round their necks were suspended their knives  
in scabbards of wampum,  
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as  
sharp as a needle.  
Other arms had they none, for they were cun-  
ning and crafty.  
“ Welcome, English ! ” they said : these words  
they had learned from the traders  
Touching at times on the coast, to barter and  
chaffer for peltries.  
Then in their native tongue they began to par-  
ley with Standish,

Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok,  
friend of the white man,  
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly  
for muskets and powder,  
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed,  
with the plague, in his cellars,  
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother  
the red man !

But when Standish refused, and said he would  
give them the Bible,  
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to  
boast and to bluster.

Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in  
front of the other,

And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly  
spake to the Captain :

“ Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes  
of the Captain,

Angry is he in his heart ; but the heart of the  
brave Wattawamat

Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born  
of a woman,

But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree  
riven by lightning,

Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weap-  
ons about him,

Shouting, ‘ Who is there here to fight with the  
brave Wattawamat ? ’ ”

Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting  
the blade on his left hand,  
Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on  
the handle,  
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sin-  
ister meaning :  
“ I have another at home, with the face of a  
man on the handle ;  
By and by they shall marry ; and there will be  
plenty of children ! ”

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting,  
insulting Miles Standish :  
While with his fingers he patted the knife that  
hung at his bosom,  
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging  
it back, as he muttered,  
“ By and by it shall see ; it shall eat ; ah, ha !  
but shall speak not !  
This is the mighty Captain the white men have  
sent to destroy us !  
He is a little man ; let him go and work with  
the women ! ”

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and  
figures of Indians  
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree  
in the forest,

Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on  
their bow-strings,  
Drawing about him still closer and closer the  
net of their ambush.  
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and  
treated them smoothly ;  
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the  
days of the fathers.  
But when he heard their defiance, the boast,  
the taunt, and the insult,  
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and  
of Thurston de Standish,  
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the  
veins of his temples.  
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching  
his knife from its scabbard,  
Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling back-  
ward, the savage  
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike  
fierceness upon it.  
Straight there arose from the forest the awful  
sound of the war-whoop,  
And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling  
wind of December,  
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of  
feathery arrows.  
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the  
cloud came the lightning,

Out of the lightning thunder ; and death unseen ran before it.

Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,

Hotly pursued and beset ; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,

Fled not ; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet

Passed though his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward,

Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,

Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.

Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth :

“ Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature, —

Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man ; but I see now

Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you ! ”

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.

When the tidings thereof were brought to the  
village of Plymouth,  
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave  
Wattawamat  
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at  
once was a church and a fortress,  
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord,  
and took courage.  
Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre  
of terror,  
Thanking God in her heart that she had not  
married Miles Standish;  
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home  
from his battles,  
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize  
and reward of his valor.

## VIII.

## THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

MONTH after month passed away, and in Au-  
tumn the ships of the merchants  
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and  
corn for the Pilgrims.  
All in the village was peace; the men were  
intent on their labors,  
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-  
plot and with merestead,

Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the  
grass in the meadows,  
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the  
deer in the forest.

All in the village was peace ; but at times the  
rumor of warfare  
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension  
of danger.

Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the  
land with his forces,

Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien  
armies,

Till his name had become a sound of fear to the  
nations.

Anger was still in his heart, but at times the  
remorse and contrition

Which in all noble natures succeed the pas-  
sionate outbreak,

Came like a rising tide, that encounters the  
rush of a river,

Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter  
and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a  
new habitation,

Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from  
the firs of the forest.

Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was  
covered with rushes ;

Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,

Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.

There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard :

Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.

Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance,

Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allotment

In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time

Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer

Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla,

Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy,

Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.

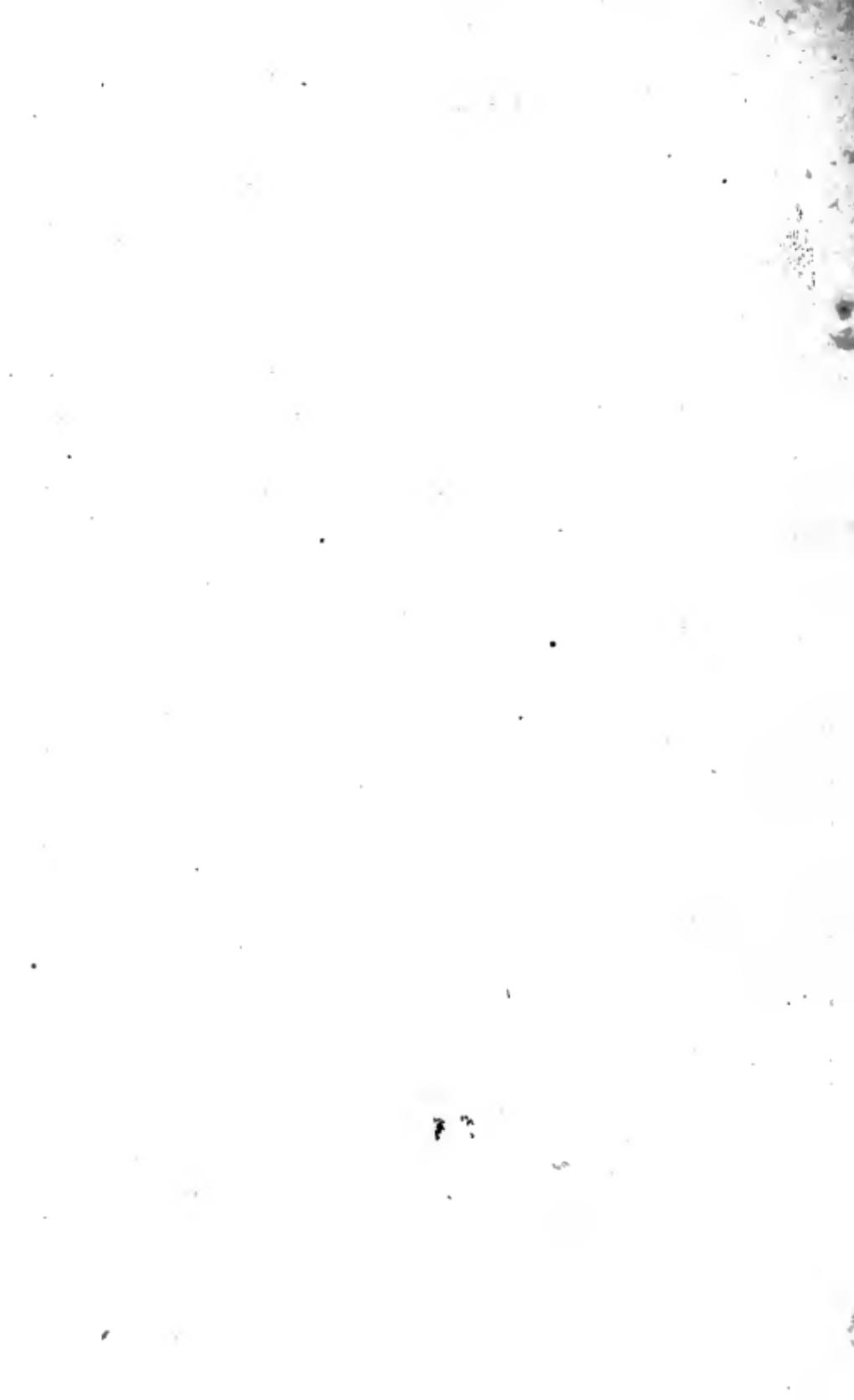
Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling ;

Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden ;

Ever of her he thought, when he read in his  
Bible on Sunday  
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is de-  
scribed in the Proverbs,—  
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust  
in her always,  
How all the days of her life she will do him  
good, and not evil,  
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and  
worketh with gladness,  
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and  
holdeth the distaff,  
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself  
or her household,  
Knowing her household are clothed with the  
scarlet cloth of her weaving !

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in  
the Autumn,  
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her  
dexterous fingers,  
As if the thread she was spinning were that of  
his life and his fortune,  
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the  
sound of the spindle.  
“ Truly, Priscilla,” he said, “ when I see you  
spinning and spinning,  
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thought-  
ful of others,





## IX.

## THE WEDDING-DAY.

FORTH from the curtain of clouds, from the  
*tent of purple and purple*

Lo ! in the midst of this scene, a breathless  
messenger entered,

Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news  
from the village.

Yes ; Miles Standish was dead ! — an Indian  
had brought them the tidings, —

Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the  
front of the battle,

Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the  
whole of his forces ;

All the town would be burned, and all the  
people be murdered !

Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the  
hearts of the hearers.

Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face  
looking backward

Still at the face of the speaker, her arms up-  
lifted in horror ;

But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of  
the arrow

Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his  
own, and had sundered

Once and forever the bonds that held him  
bound as a captive.

Taking each other for husband and wife in the  
Magistrate's presence,  
After the Puritan way, and the laudable cus-  
tom of Holland.  
Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent  
Elder of Plymouth  
Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were  
founded that day in affection,  
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring  
Divine benedictions.

Lo ! when the service was ended, a form ap-  
peared on the threshold,  
Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful  
figure !  
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at  
the strange apparition ?  
Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her  
face on his shoulder ?  
Is it a phantom of air, — a bodiless, spectral  
illusion ?  
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to  
forbid the betrothal ?  
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest unin-  
vited, unwelcomed ;  
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times  
an expression  
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm  
heart hidden beneath them,

As when across the sky the driving rack of the  
rain-cloud

Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun  
by its brightness.

Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips,  
but was silent,

As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting in-  
tention.

But when were ended the troth and the prayer  
and the last benediction,

Into the room it strode, and the people beheld  
with amazement

Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish the  
Captain of Plymouth !

Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with  
emotion, "Forgive me !

I have been angry and hurt, — too long have  
I cherished the feeling ;

I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank  
God ! it is ended.

Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the  
veins of Hugh Standish,

Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in aton-  
ing for error.

Never so much as now was Miles Standish the  
friend of John Alden."

Thereupon answered the bridegroom : "Let  
all be forgotten between us, —

All save the dear old friendship, and that shall  
grow older and dearer!"

Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, sa-  
luted Priscilla,

Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned  
gentry in England,

Something of camp and of court, of town and  
of country, commingled,

Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly  
lauding her husband.

Then he said with a smile: "I should have  
remembered the adage,—

If you would be well served, you must serve  
yourself; and moreover,

No man can gather cherries in Kent at the  
season of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and  
greater yet their rejoicing,

Thus to behold once more the sun-burnt face  
of their Captain,

Whom they had mourned as dead; and they  
gathered and crowded about him,

Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of  
bride and of bridegroom,

Questioning, answering, laughing, and each  
interrupting the other,

Till the good Captain declared, being quite  
overpowered and bewildered,

He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,  
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway, Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning. Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine, Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation ; There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the sea-shore, There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows ; But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden, Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure, Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying, Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.

Then from a stall rear, at hand, amid exclama-  
tions of wonder,  
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so  
proud of Priscilla,  
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the  
hand of its master.  
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in  
its nostrils,  
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion  
placed for a saddle.  
She should not walk, he said, through the dust  
and heat of the noonday ;  
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod  
along like a peasant.  
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by  
the others,  
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in  
the hand of her husband,  
Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted  
her palfrey.  
“ Nothing is wanting now,” he said with a  
smile, “ but the distaff;  
Then you would be in truth my queen, my  
beautiful Bertha ! ”

Onward the bridal procession now moved to  
their new habitation,  
Happy husband and wife, and friends convers-  
ing together.





Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed  
the ford in the forest,  
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream  
of love through its bosom,  
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of  
the azure abysses.  
Down through the golden leaves the sun was  
pouring his splendors,  
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches  
above them suspended,  
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of  
the pine and the fir-tree,  
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in  
the valley of Eschol.  
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pas-  
toral ages,  
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recall-  
ing Rebecca and Isaac,  
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful  
always,  
Love immortal and young in the endless suc-  
cession of lovers.  
So through the Plymouth woods passed on-  
ward the bridal procession.



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